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THE FORGOTTEN
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# DOCTOR · WHO

# THE FORGOTTEN

## Part I : Amputation

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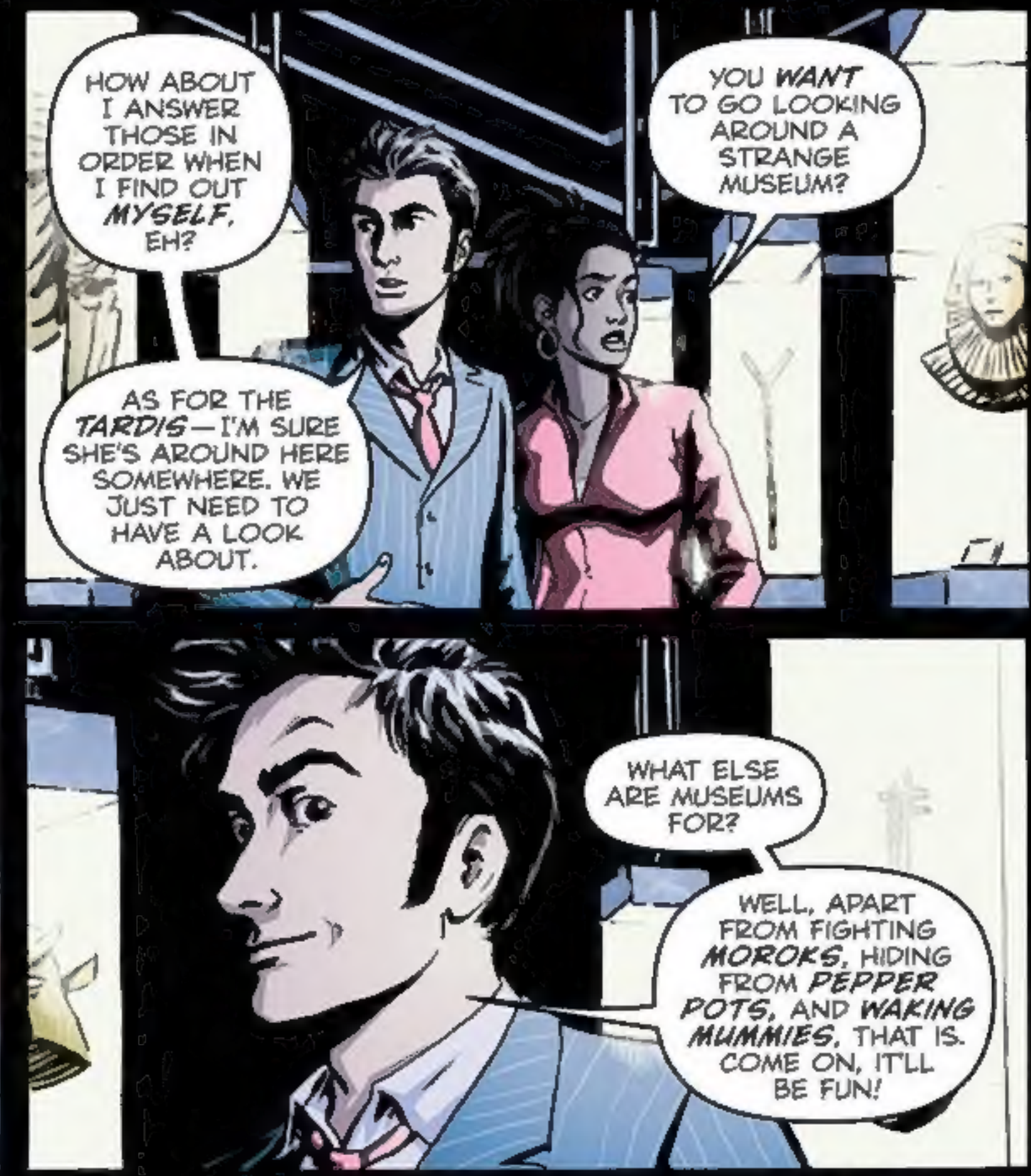
# DOCTOR WHO: THE FORGOTTEN PART I: "AMPUTATION"

written by TONY LEE
art by PIA GUERRA
colors by CHARLIE KIRCHOFF

—GASP—
DOCTOR! YOU'RE ALIVE!

ALWAYS ONE FOR THE OBVIOUS STATEMENT, AREN'T YOU, MARTHA JONES? YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS GOING TO GO AND DIE ON YOU OR ANYTHING, DID YOU?
I HAD WONDERED! WHERE ARE WE? WHERE'S THE TARDIS? ONE MINUTE WE'RE THERE, THE NEXT—
—HOW DID WE GET HERE?


HOW ABOUT I ANSWER THOSE IN ORDER WHEN I FIND OUT MYSELF, EH?
YOU WANT TO GO LOOKING AROUND A STRANGE MUSEUM?
AS FOR THE TARDIS—I'M SURE SHE'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. WE JUST NEED TO HAVE A LOOK ABOUT.
WHAT ELSE ARE MUSEUMS FOR?
WELL, APART FROM FIGHTING MOROKS, HIDING FROM PEPPER POTS, AND WAKING MUMMIES, THAT IS. COME ON, IT'LL BE FUN!

YOU'RE NOT FILLING ME FULL OF HOPE HERE, DOCTOR. HOW DO WE—
HOLD ON A MO! THAT'S THE SEAL OF RASSILON!
THE WHAT OF WHO?

RASSILON! THE FIRST OF THE TIME LORDS! DISCOVERED TIME TRAVEL, HAD A FONDNESS FOR ONIONS, MET HIM A COUPLE OF TIMES. BIT OF A DODGY BEARD, THOUGH.
BUT THIS SHOULDNT BE HERE. IT CAN'T BE HERE. GALLIFREY WAS DESTROYED IN THE TIME WAR AGAINST THE DALEKS. EVERYTHING WAS DESTROYED.

AND THAT'S NOT THE ONLY THING THAT SHOULDN'T BE HERE! OVER THERE'S A VARDON AXE, AND BESIDE THAT'S A SLUGGERLUG'S TAIL!
THERE'S ABOUT A MILLION YEARS BETWEEN THEM. WELL, MAYBE A HUNDRED THOUSAND OR SO.
I REALLY DON'T LIKE THIS—WE SHOULD GET OUT OF HERE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

YEAH, YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT—ALL WE NEED TO DO IS MODULATE THE FREQUENCY OF MY TARDIS KEY THROUGH THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER AND—
—THAT'S ODD. I SEEM TO HAVE MISPLACED IT SOMEWHERE. HAVE YOU GOT YOUR KEY?
NO, DOCTOR—YOU BORROWED IT OFF ME THE LAST TIME YOU FORGOT YOUR KEY—AND YOU NEVER GAVE IT BACK.
AH, WELL—KEY OR NO KEY, I'M SURE THE TARDIS WILL FIND HER WAY BACK TO US EVENTUALLY—
—NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
IT'S A VOORD HELMET! THE GOOD OLD VOORD! WELL, THE EVIL VOORD, REALLY—THEY DID TRY TO KILL ME, I SUPPOSE—BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN ONE OF THOSE SINCE I WAS AN OLD MAN!
SINCE YOU WERE AN OLD—OH, LET ME GUESS. 'TIMEY-WIMEY' STUFF, RIGHT?
YEAH—BEST NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.
YOU KNOW, WHOEVER SET THIS PLACE UP MUST BE A TIME TRAVELLER. NOBODY ELSE COULD GATHER SUCH A COLLECTION—
—WELL, APART FROM ME, OF COURSE. AND I DO LOVE MY SOUVENIRS. I WONDER IF THERE'S ANYTHING OF MINE HERE—
DOCTOR—
THE EXHIBITION OF THE DOCTOR
—I THINK YOU CAN SAFELY SAY THAT THERE IS, DON'T YOU?
I'VE ONLY SEEN YOUR WARDROBE ROOM A COUPLE OF TIMES—
NO.
NO, NO, NO.
THIS CAN'T BE!

—BUT I'VE SEEN SOME OF *THOSE* CLOTHES BEFORE!
YOU'RE KIDDING ME—I'VE GOT MY OWN *EXHIBITION*?

I'M RIGHT, AREN'T I? YOU USED TO *WEAR* THESE! I MEAN, I THOUGHT TRAINERS AND A PIN STRIPE WAS A BIT WRONG—
—BUT LOOK AT THAT *MULTI-COLORED* THING! WERE YOU AUDITIONING FOR *JOSEPH* OR SOMETHING?

COME ON, MARTHA—*EVERYONE* HAS *FASHION DISASTERS* IN THEIR PAST—THEIR SCARFS, THEIR HATS, THEIR... *VEGETATION*.
BUT THERE'S *NO WAY* THAT SOMEONE COULD HAVE DONE THIS. *NOBODY* KNOWS ABOUT ALL NINE. NOBODY STILL *ALIVE*, ANYWAY.

THE TIME LORDS ARE *DEAD*. AND WITH THEM DIED SECRETS LIKE THIS.

EACH OF THESE IS ONE OF MY PREVIOUS—WELL, "LIVES," I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY. AND IN FRONT OF *THEM* IS AN ITEM THAT THE ME BEHIND THEM WOULD USE.

WALKING STICK, RECORDER, CAR KEYS, JELLY BABIES, CRICKET BALL, A CAT BROOCH, UMBRELLA, CRAVAT—EVEN THE PSYCHIC PAPER. ALL USED BY ME AT SOME POINT OR THE OTHER.

WELL, YOU CERTAINLY *EXPERIMENTED* WITH YOUR STYLES! FROM *VELVET DANDY* TO *U-BOAT CAPTAIN!*

WELL, GRANTED—SOME OF THESE WERE MORE FROM *NECCESSITY* THAN *STYLE*. BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN WHAT I *ALMOST* WORE.

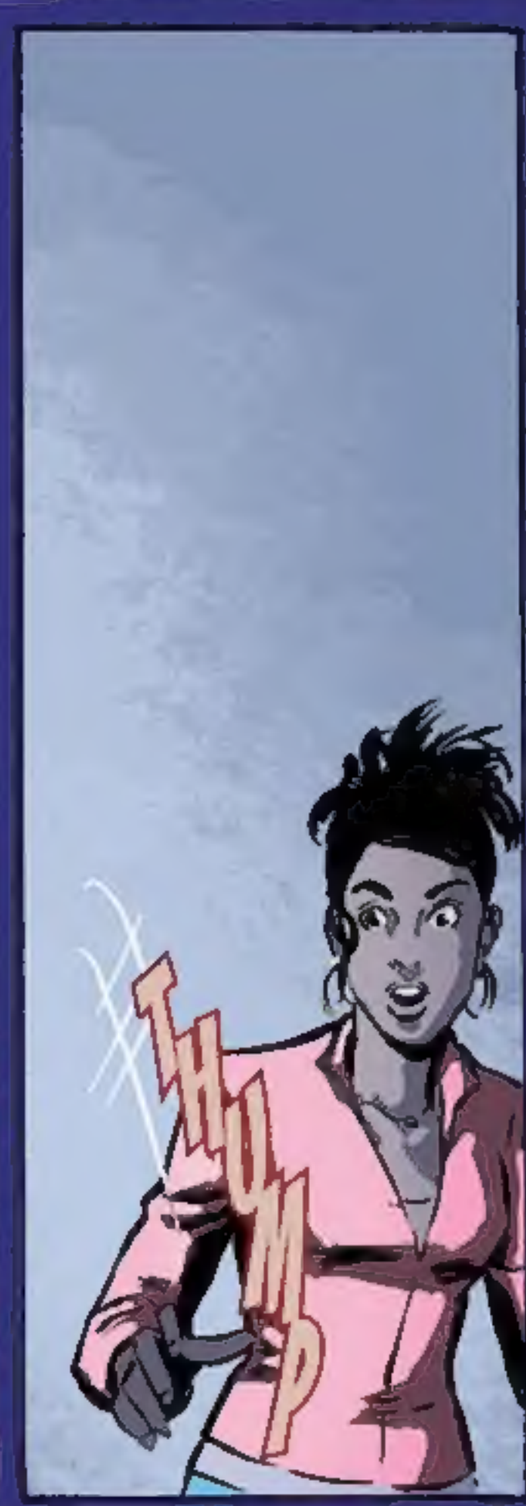
I LOVED MY *FIFTH* INCARNATION, THOUGH. MADE ME THE MAN I AM NOW.

I'D BE *LOST* WITHOUT THEM.

*REALLY,* DOCTOR?

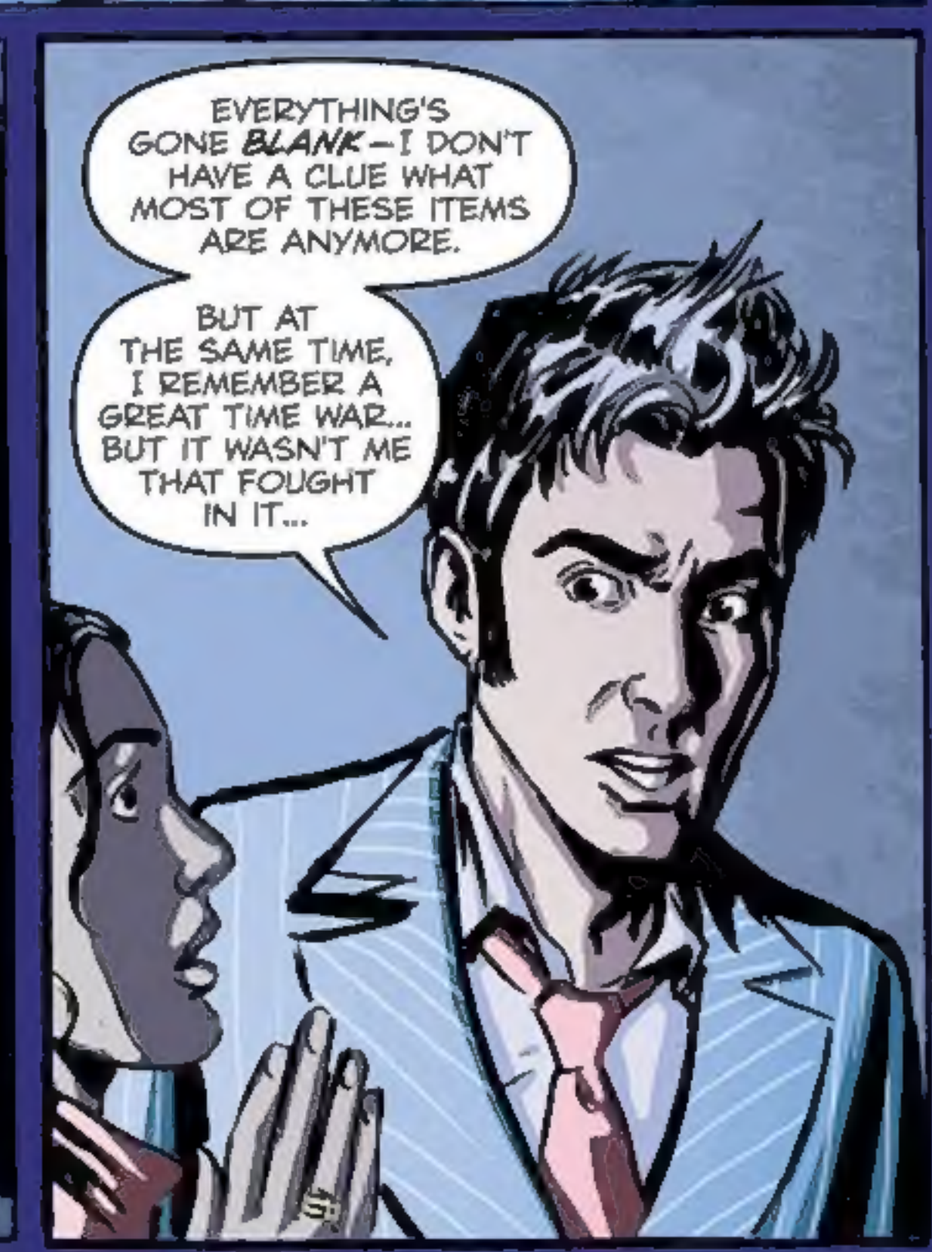
YOU KNOW—NOW THAT I'VE SEEN THE PRIDE OF PLACE EXHIBIT, THIS MUSEUM MAKES SENSE. A TWISTED, WARPED SENSE, OF COURSE.
AN ENTIRE MUSEUM DEDICATED TO ME. WHERE I'VE BEEN, WHAT I'VE DONE...
BIT OF AN EGO STROKE, IS IT?

I AM WELL-LIKED IN MOST PLACES, YOU KNOW. WELL, A LOT OF PLACES. AT LEAST ONE OR TWO.
OH, DEAR. AND NOW THE ROOM'S SPINNING—

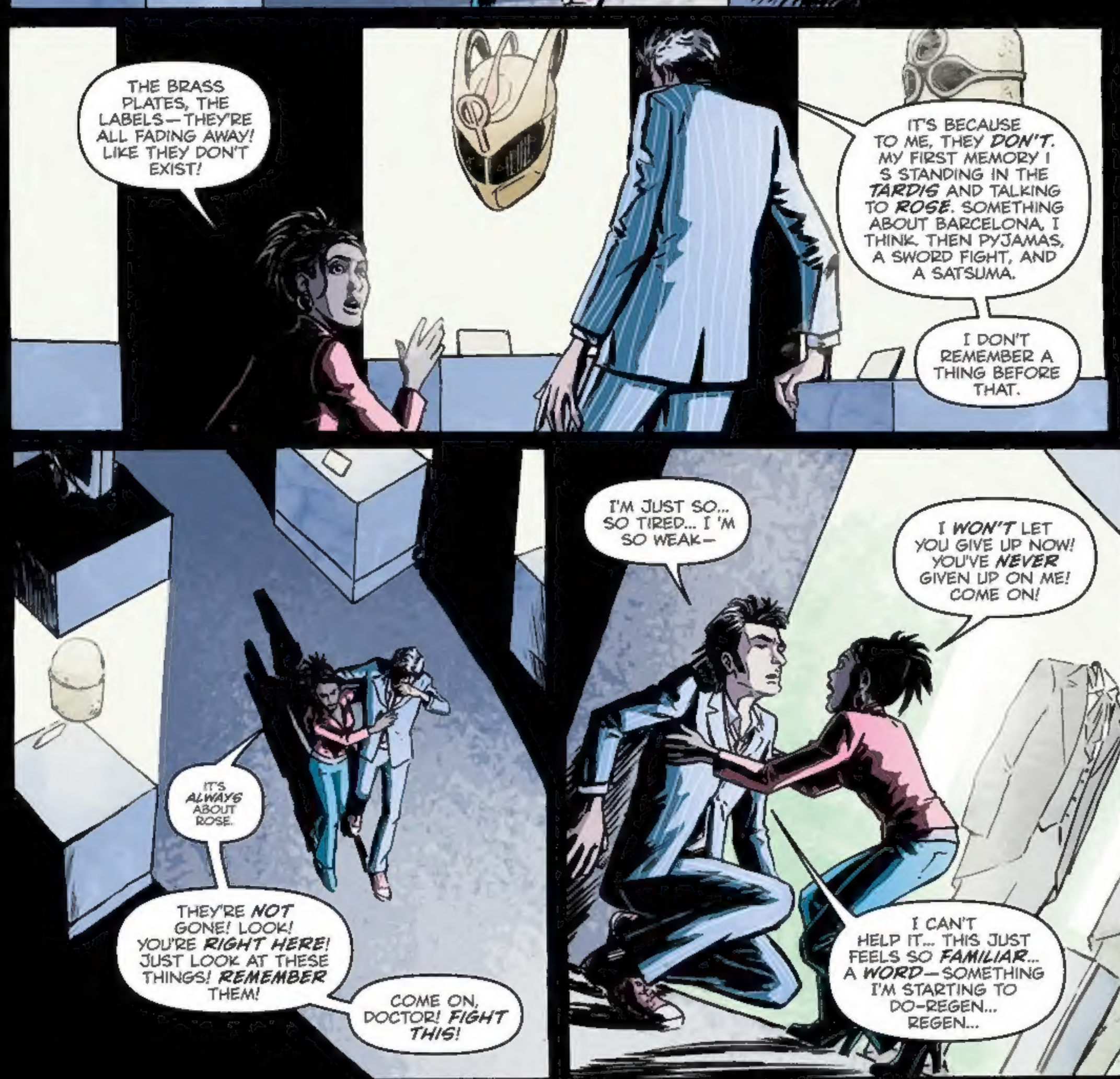

THUMP

DOCTOR! ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALRIGHT?
MARTHA—WE'RE TRAPPED IN A MUSEUM THAT'S DEDICATED TO ME, WITH NO TARDIS AND ONLY A SONIC—
—HOLD ON A SEC. SOMETHINGS WRONG!
NO, REALLY—I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING BEFORE CHRISTMAS A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK!

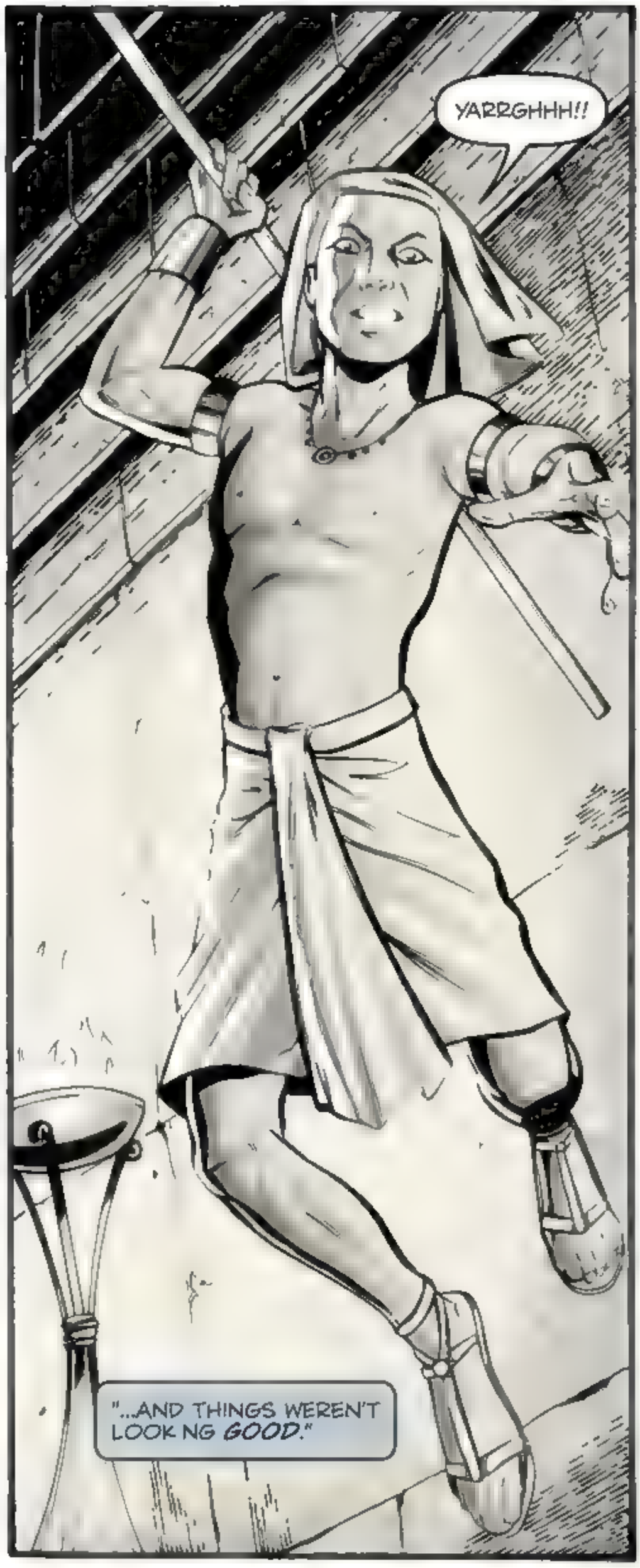
DOCTOR
YOU'RE THE DOCTOR—YOU KEEP TELLING EVERYONE THAT YOU'RE A TIME LORD—
I KNOW THAT—BUT THAT ROOM OVER THERE WITH THE DUMMIES? I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT THEM! IT'S LIKE THEY NEVER EXISTED!
I'M A TIME LORD—AND I REMEMBER SAYING THAT TO PEOPLE—BUT I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT IT MEANS! WHO WERE THEY? WHO WAS I?


EVERYTHING'S GONE BLANK—I DON'T HAVE A CLUE WHAT MOST OF THESE ITEMS ARE ANYMORE.
BUT AT THE SAME TIME, I REMEMBER A GREAT TIME WAR... BUT IT WASN'T ME THAT FOUGHT IN IT...

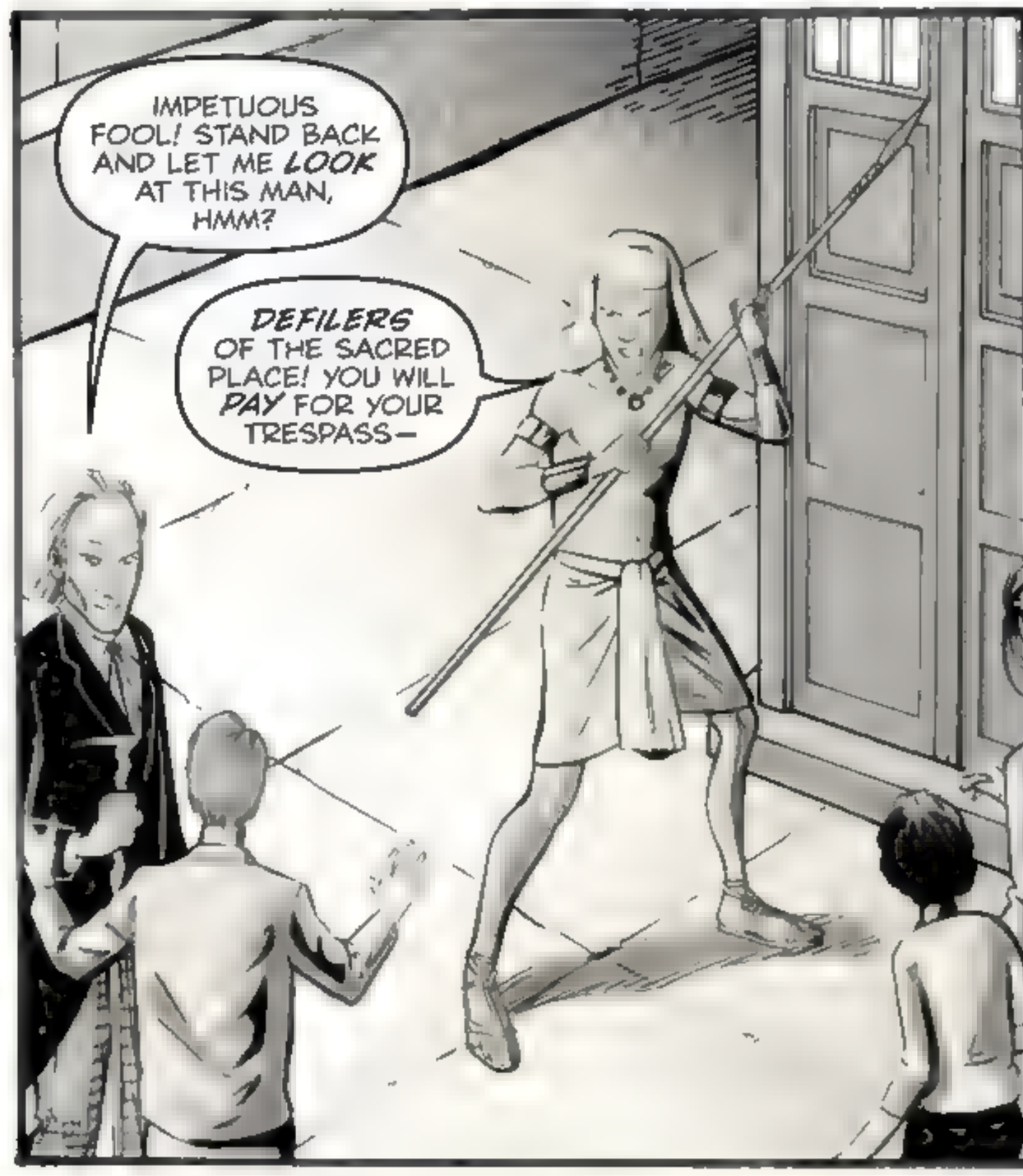
LOOK, COME OVER HERE! YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THIS NOT MORE THAN A COUPLE OF MINUTES AGO! YOU SAID THEY WERE FROM WHEN YOU WERE YOUNGER!
DID I? LOOKS LIKE A DODGY BIKER HELMET. "THE VOORD?" IS THAT EVEN A WORD?
I MEAN, IT MUST BE A WORD, IT'S WRITTEN DOWN, AFTER ALL. BUT I ASK YOU—
HELMET OF THE VOORD
OF COURSE IT IS! IT SAYS SO RIGHT THERE!
ARE YOU REALLY SURE ABOUT THAT, MARTHA?


THE BRASS PLATES, THE LABELS—THEY'RE ALL FADING AWAY! LIKE THEY DON'T EXIST!
IT'S BECAUSE TO ME, THEY DON'T. MY FIRST MEMORY I S STANDING IN THE TARDIS AND TALKING TO ROSE. SOMETHING ABOUT BARCELONA, I THINK. THEN PYJAMAS, A SWORD FIGHT, AND A SATSUMA.
I DON'T REMEMBER A THING BEFORE THAT.
IT'S ALWAYS ABOUT ROSE.
THEY'RE NOT GONE! LOOK! YOU'RE RIGHT HERE! JUST LOOK AT THESE THINGS! REMEMBER THEM!
COME ON, DOCTOR! FIGHT THIS!
I'M JUST SO... SO TIRED... I 'M SO WEAK—
I WON'T LET YOU GIVE UP NOW! YOU'VE NEVER GIVEN UP ON ME! COME ON!
I CAN'T HELP IT... THIS JUST FEELS SO FAMILIAR... A WORD—SOMETHING I'M STARTING TO DO-REGEN... REGEN...

YOU'RE STARTING TO REACH IN TO WHAT? SENILITY? COME ON! KICK YOURSELF OUT OF THIS!
YOU NEED SOMETHING TO JUMPSTART YOUR LONG TERM MEMORIES—HERE! USE THIS! SEE IF THIS HELPS YOU REMEMBER!
I REALLY THINK—
RARELY THINK, MORE LIKE. JUST HOLD THIS AND TELL ME A STORY, ANY STORY THAT COMES TO MIND. REMEMBER A TALE OF YOUR FIRST, WELL, COSTUME. A JOKE, AN ADVENTURE, ANYTHING!
WHY ELSE WOULD THIS STICK BE HERE?
I—I WAS GIVEN IT, I THINK.
SOMETHING ABOUT OSCAR WILDE AND A THEATER OF MIDGET ASSASSINS.
THAT'S GOOD! NOW FOCUS HARDER, REMEMBER SOMETHING MORE ABOUT IT. TELL ME ABOUT THE STICK.
I... I CAN'T THINK OF ONE... WAIT. THERE WAS A TIME.
I WAS WITH MY GRANDDAUGHTER SUSAN—
YOU HAD A GRANDDAUGHTER? AND YOU WERE GOING TO MENTION THIS TO ME WHEN?
ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME TELL THE STORY—OR HAVE A GO AT ME?
ANYWAY, WE WERE WITH THESE BOTHERSOME TEACHERS, IAN AND BARBARA...


YARRGHHH!!
"...AND THINGS WEREN'T LOOK NG GOOD."

POLICE
CLANG
DOCTOR! LOOK OUT!


IMPETUOUS FOOL! STAND BACK AND LET ME LOOK AT THIS MAN, HMM?
DEFILERS OF THE SACRED PLACE! YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR TRESPASS—

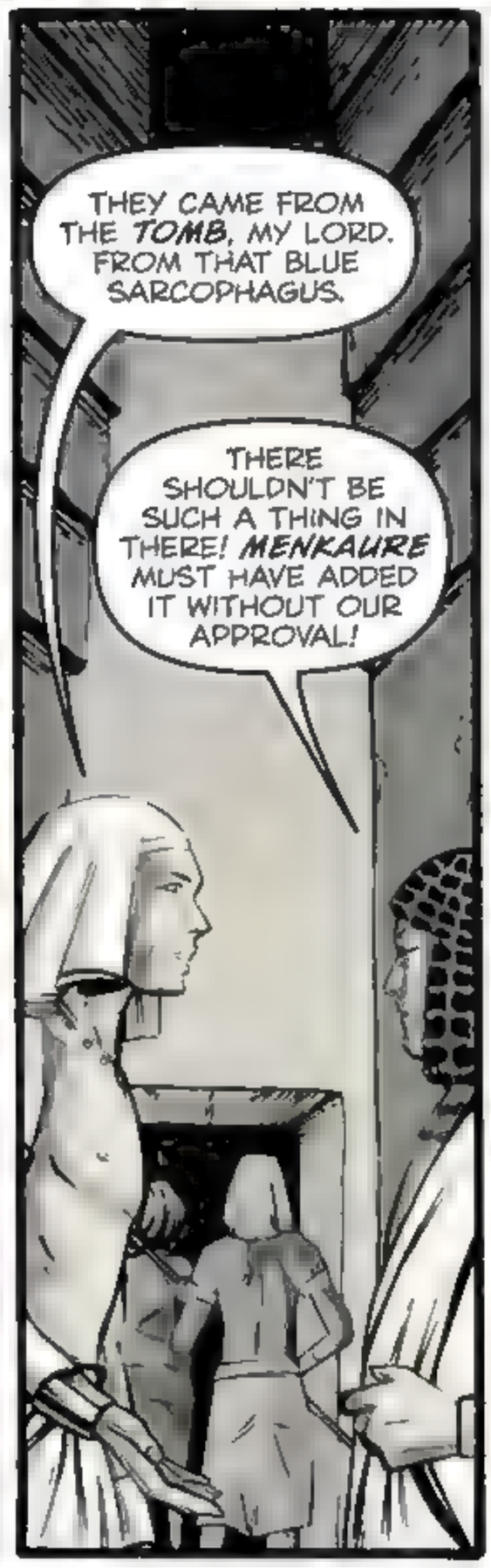
YES, YES, WHATEVER YOU SAY—NOW GET THAT THING OUT OF MY FACE AND TELL ME WHERE WE ARE, EH? THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW!
TING

GRANDFATHER! BE CAREFUL!
OF COURSE I'LL BE CAREFUL, SUSAN! DO YOU THINK ME SO OLD AND ADDLED THAT I CAN'T TAKE CARE OF ONE SPEAR WIELDING—
I DIDN'T MEAN HIM, GRANDFATHER—

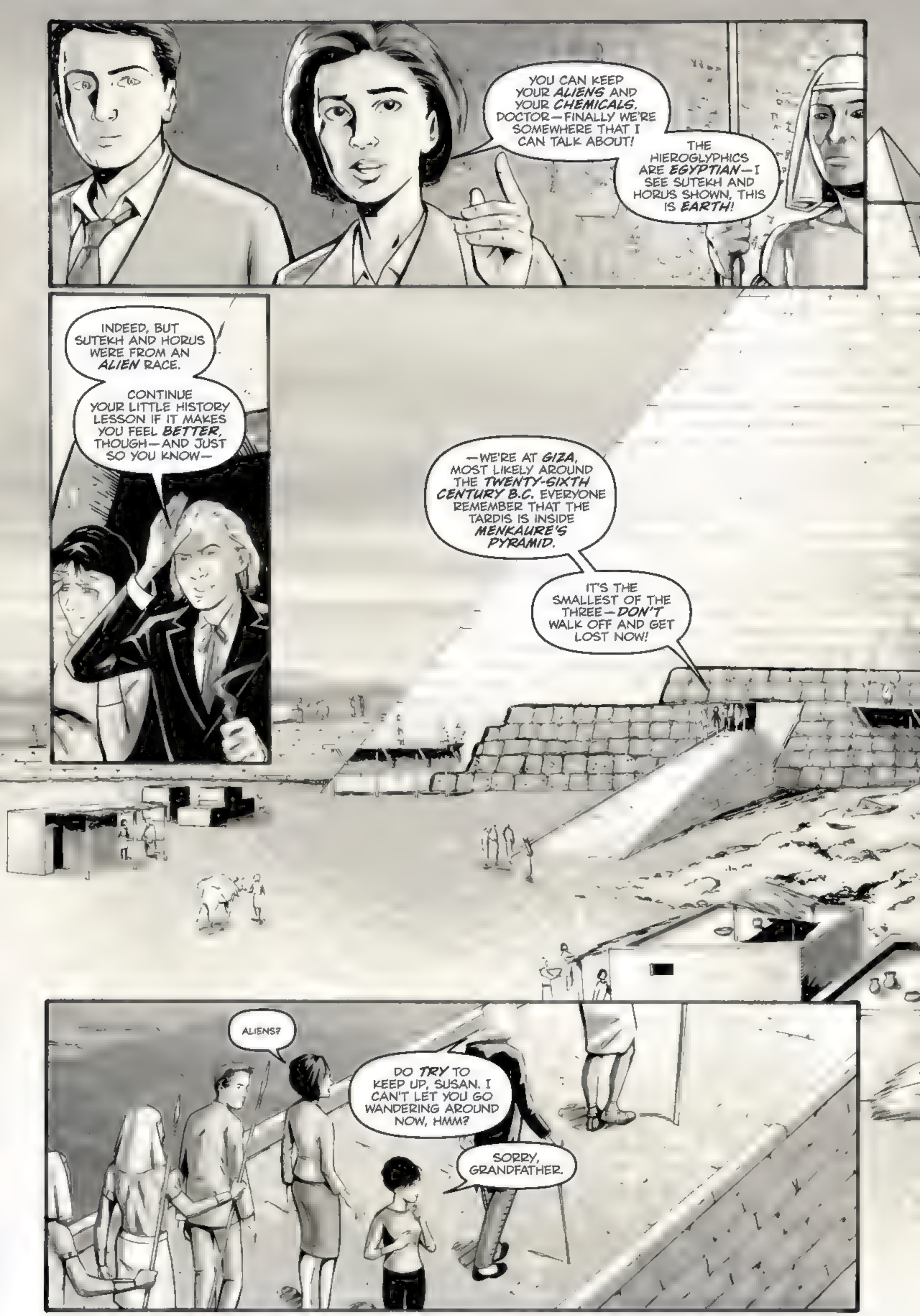
—I MEANT ALL OF THEM.

OH, VERY WELL—TAKE US TO YOUR LEADER, IF YOU REALLY MUST.

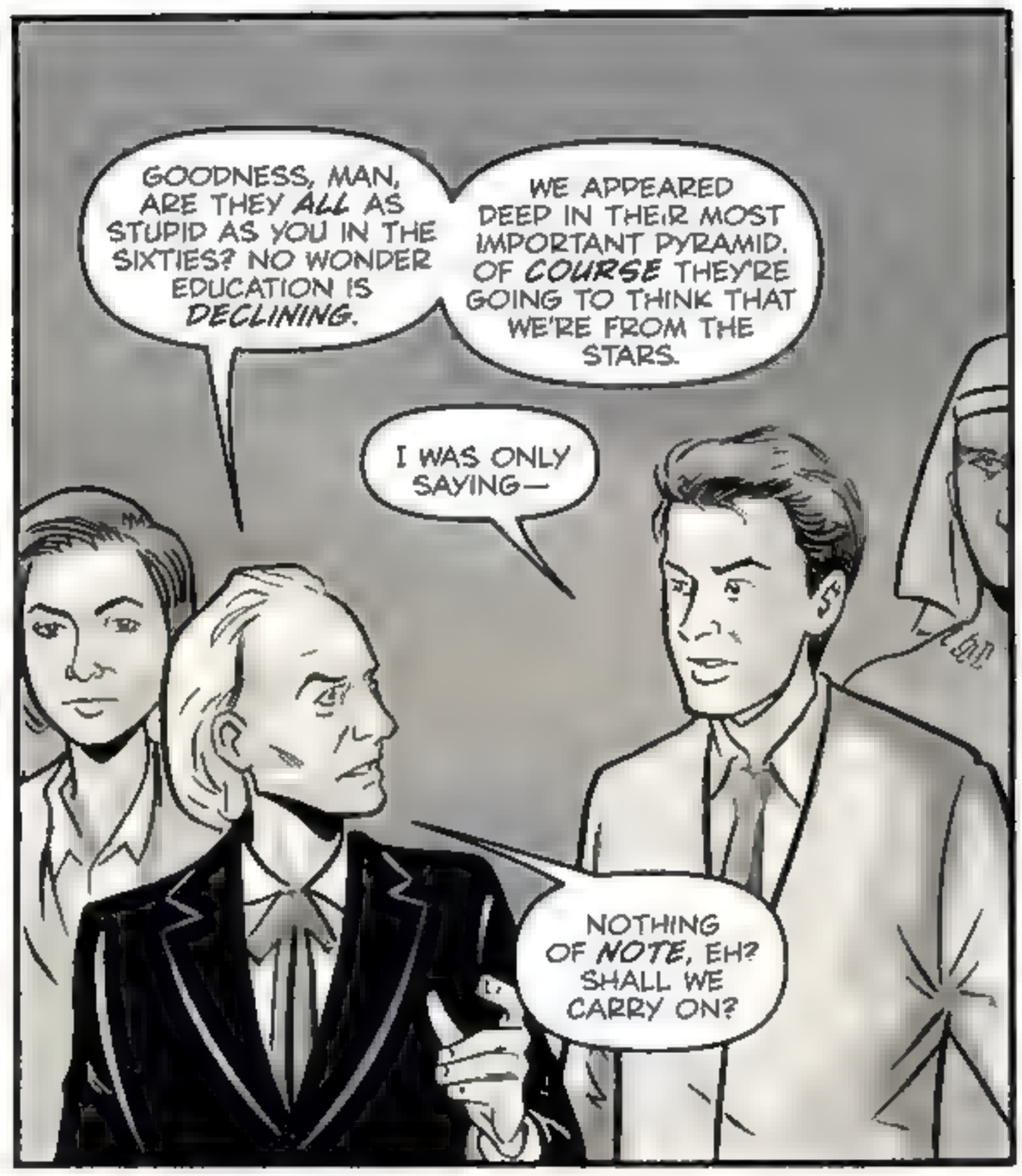
YOU KNOW, BARBARA—THE MORE WE TRAVEL WITH THE DOCTOR—
—THE MORE I'M CONVINCED THAT HE'S SIMPLY TRYING TO KILL US IN A VARIETY OF INVENTIVE WAYS.

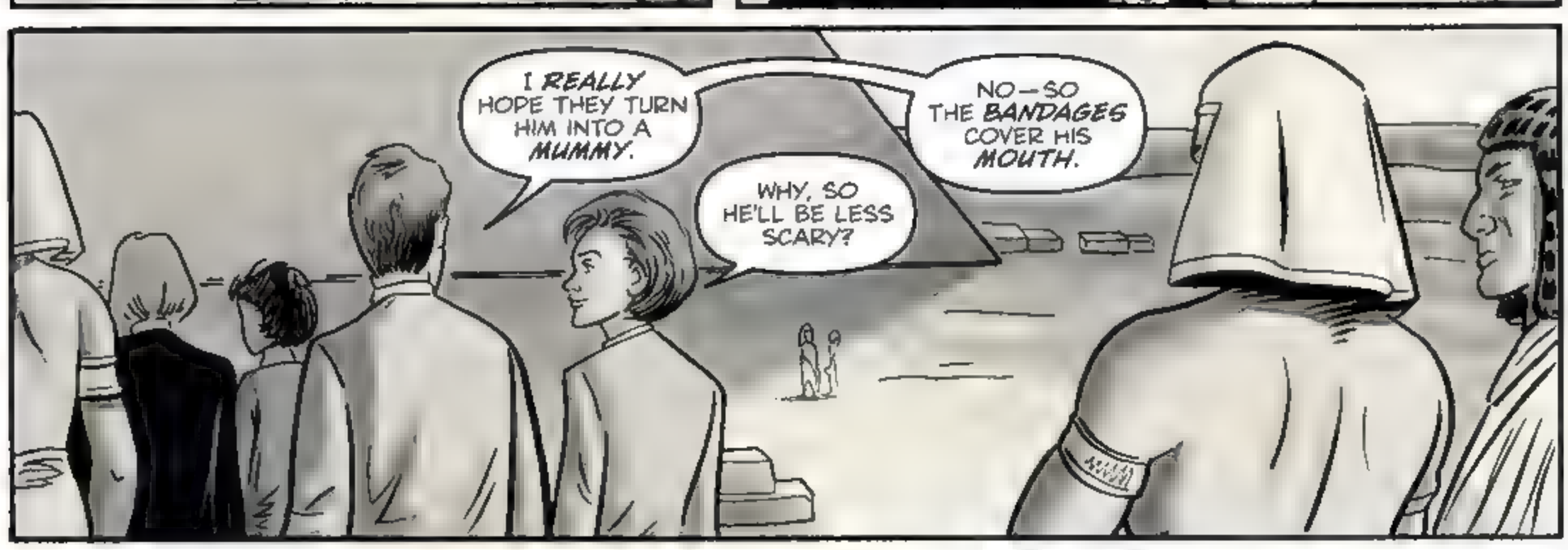

THEY CAME FROM THE TOMB, MY LORD. FROM THAT BLUE SARCOPHAGUS.
THERE SHOULDN'T BE SUCH A THING IN THERE! MENKAURE MUST HAVE ADDED IT WITHOUT OUR APPROVAL!

OUR PHARAOH IS BECOMING A HINDRANCE. AND THESE STRANGERS MAY BE THE SOLUTION.
BRING THEM TO THE PALACE IMMEDIATELY WHILE I MAKE PREPARATIONS.

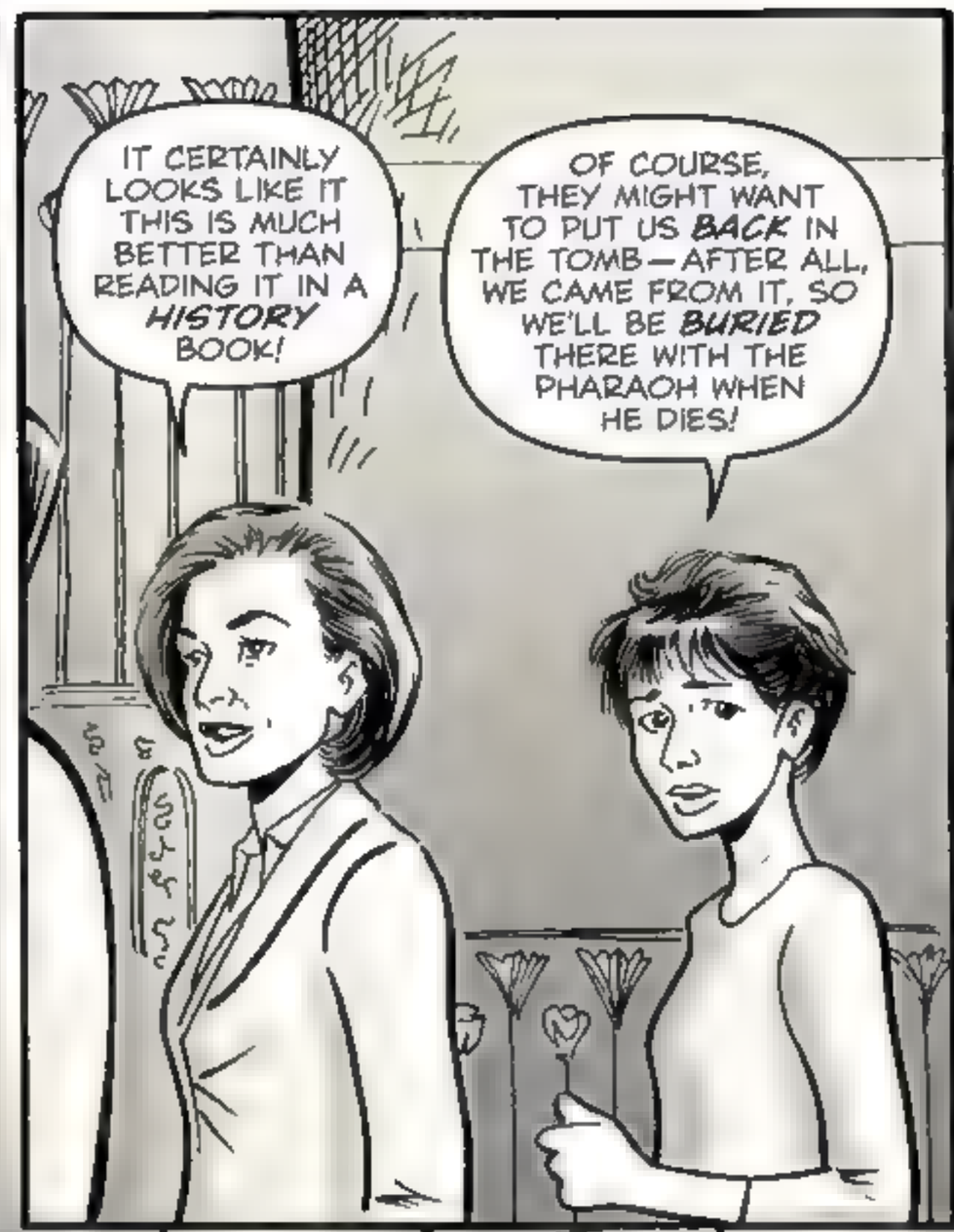

YOU CAN KEEP YOUR ALIENS AND YOUR CHEMICALS, DOCTOR—FINALLY WE'RE SOMEWHERE THAT I CAN TALK ABOUT!
THE HIEROGLYPHICS ARE EGYPTIAN—I SEE SUTEKH AND HORUS SHOWN, THIS IS EARTH!
INDEED, BUT SUTEKH AND HORUS WERE FROM AN ALIEN RACE.
CONTINUE YOUR LITTLE HISTORY LESSON IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER, THOUGH—AND JUST SO YOU KNOW—
—WE'RE AT GIZA, MOST LIKELY AROUND THE TWENTY-SIXTH CENTURY B.C. EVERYONE REMEMBER THAT THE TARDIS IS INSIDE MENKAURE'S PYRAMID.
IT'S THE SMALLEST OF THE THREE—DON'T WALK OFF AND GET LOST NOW!
ALIENS?
DO TRY TO KEEP UP, SUSAN. I CAN'T LET YOU GO WANDERING AROUND NOW, HMM?
SORRY, GRANDFATHER.

GREETINGS, TRAVELERS! I AM BUIKHU AND I WELCOME YOU—VISITORS FROM THE STARS!
"FROM THE STARS?" WHAT ON EARTH DOES HE MEAN BY—


GOODNESS, MAN, ARE THEY ALL AS STUPID AS YOU IN THE SIXTIES? NO WONDER EDUCATION IS DECLINING.
WE APPEARED DEEP IN THEIR MOST IMPORTANT PYRAMID. OF COURSE THEY'RE GOING TO THINK THAT WE'RE FROM THE STARS.
I WAS ONLY SAYING—
NOTHING OF NOTE, EH? SHALL WE CARRY ON?


I REALLY HOPE THEY TURN HIM INTO A MUMMY.
WHY, SO HE'LL BE LESS SCARY?
NO—SO THE BANDAGES COVER HIS MOUTH.

KEMNEBI—I HAVE A FAVOUR TO ASK OF YOU. BRING YOUR BEST MAN TO THE PALACE WITH A BLOWPIPE AND DARTS.
WE HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY HERE TO KILL MENKAURE, AND BLAME THESE STRANGERS IN THE PROCESS.
AND HOW WOULD WE DO THAT, ITENNU?
POISON DARTS LEAVE NO VISIBLE WOUND. THE ONLY POSSIBLE ANSWER WILL BE THAT THESE "VISITORS FROM THE STARS" USED MAGICS TO KILL HIM.
AND ONCE WE CONVINCE THE POPULACE OF THIS, WE KILL THEM.




BURIED WITH YOUR GRANDFATHER FOR ALL OF TIME?

I DON'T THINK I LIKE THAT IDEA.

GREETINGS. I AM MENKAURE, RULER OF EGYPT.

WHO SPEAKS FOR YOUR PEOPLE?

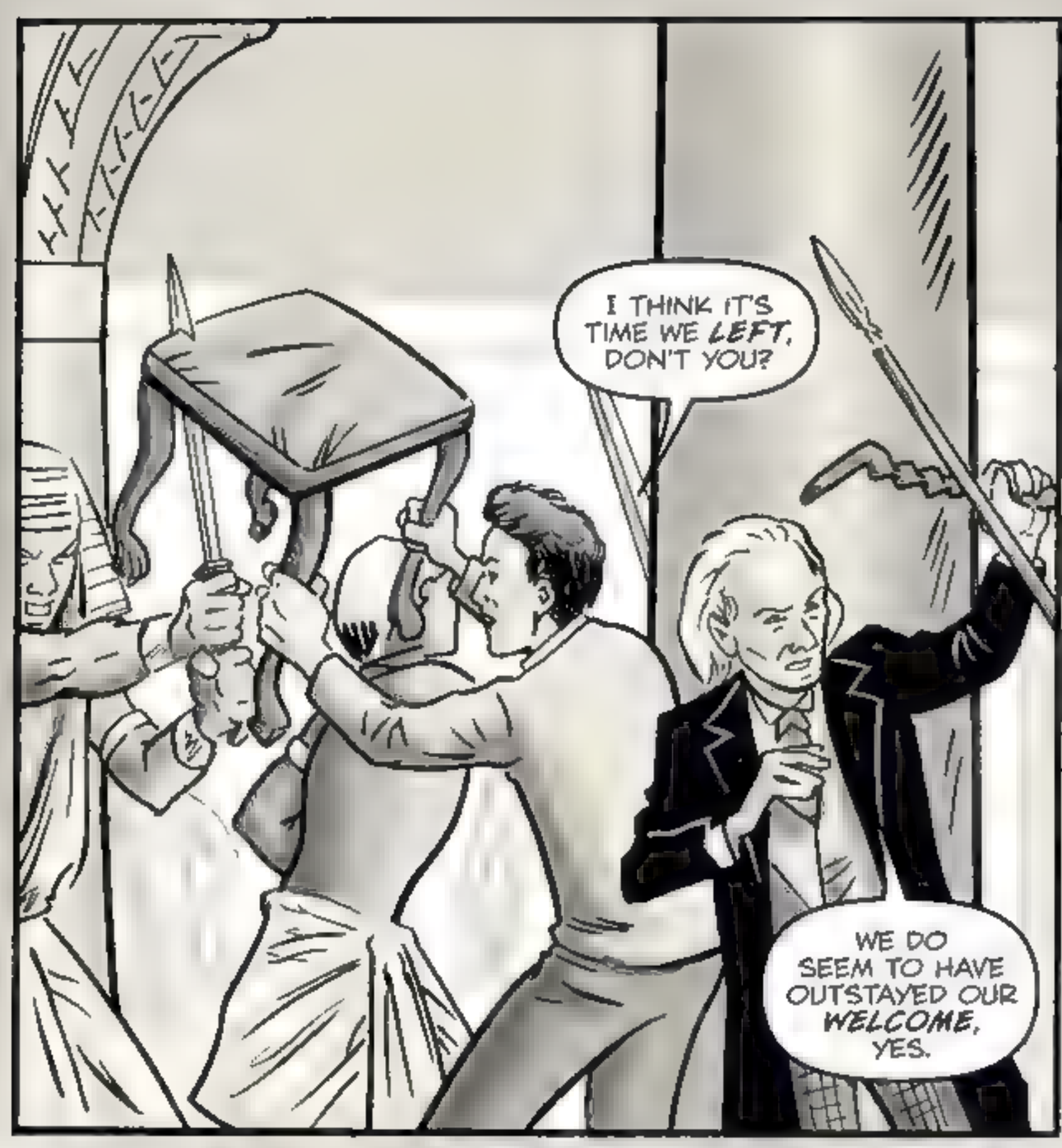
THAT WOULD BE ME.

I AM THE DOCTOR. THESE ARE MY COMPANIONS.

I SEE. AND THIS IS YOUR SCEPTER? YOUR SYMBOL OF OFFICE?
THIS? DEAR LORD, NO, IT'S JUST A WALKING CANE!
TO REST UPON, YOU UNDERSTAND? HMM?

PEEP
THUNK
ASSASSIN! GUARDS, TO ME!

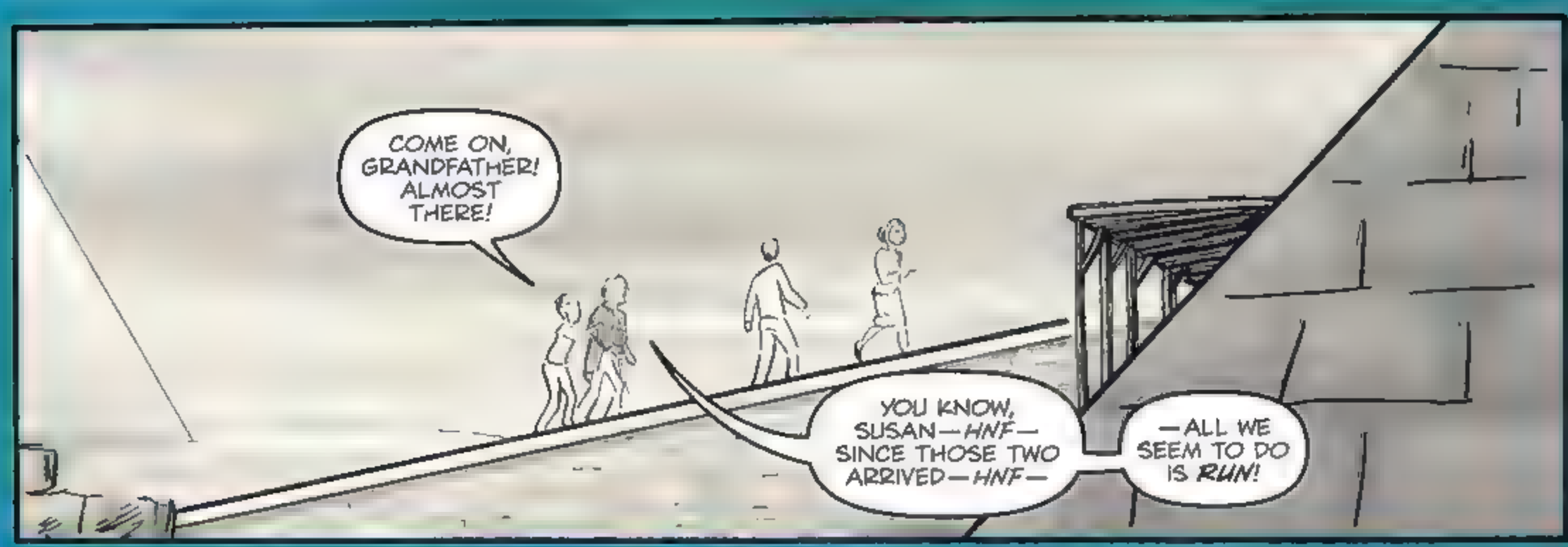
KILL THEM ALL!
HARRGHH


I THINK IT'S TIME WE *LEFT*, DON'T YOU?
WE DO SEEM TO HAVE OUTSTAYED OUR *WELCOME*, YES.

GRANDFATHER! *THIS* WAY! HURRY UP NOW!

COME ON, DOCTOR—YOU'RE GETTING US *OUT* OF THIS MESS.
ALL RIGHT! STOP YOUR *FUSSING*!

THIS IS TERRIBLE! WAS ALL OF THIS FIGHTING *BECAUSE* OF US?
OF *COURSE* NOT. WE WERE SIMPLY AN OPPORTUNITY. AND HOPEFULLY IT'LL KEEP THEM OCCUPIED LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO MAKE OUR ESCAPE!


COME ON, GRANDFATHER! ALMOST THERE!
YOU KNOW, SUSAN—HNF—SINCE THOSE TWO ARRIVED—HNF—
—ALL WE SEEM TO DO IS RUN!

STOP THEM! DON'T LET THEM REACH THE SARCOPHAGUS!

NEXT TIME, DOCTOR, LET'S LEAVE THE TARDIS IN A VALLEY OR SOMETHING!
THIS IS NOTHING COMPARED TO—HNF—AN INCA OR AZTEC TEMPLE!
WELL, THEN LET'S NOT GO NEAR ANY OF THOSE SOON!

STOP THEM!
POLICE BOX

"WE ONLY JUST ESCAPED FROM THEM. AND IT WAS NEVER KNOWN WHAT TRULY HAPPENED TO MENKAURE.
POLICE BOX
"WE JUST CONTINUED TRAVELLING."

GOOD OLD *TARDIS*... SAVED US AGAIN. AND THIS CANE... SAVED THE PHARAOH.
AND WHAT OF THE OTHERS? WHAT HAPPENED TO IAN, BARBARA—TO *SUSAN*?

SUSAN FELL IN LOVE WITH A FREEDOM FIGHTER ON A FUTURE EARTH. SHE FELT *RESPONSIBLE* FOR ME, BUT I FELT SHE NEEDED TO MOVE ON, HAVE HER OWN LIFE. I—
—I *LEFT* HER THERE.
IAN AND BARBARA MADE IT BACK TO THEIR TIME, GIVE OR TAKE A YEAR. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

YOU LEFT YOUR OWN *GRANDDAUGHTER*? WHAT HAPPENED THEN? IS SHE STILL ALIVE?
I DON'T RECKON SO. I CAN'T PROVE IT, BUT THE TIME LORDS ARE *GONE*.
AS FAR AS I KNOW—I'M ALL *ALONE* NOW.

OH, *DOCTOR*— IF ONLY THAT WERE *TRUE*.

WELL, I'M NOT LETTING YOU DIE HERE! THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO!
I'VE TOLD YOU— I DON'T HAVE MOST OF MY MEMORIES ANY MORE—WELL, APART FROM THE ODD INCONSISTANCY.
I MEAN, HOW DO I REALLY KNOW THE TIME LORDS ARE GONE? I HAVE MEMORIES, ROGUE ONES—I CAN SEE THE MEDUSA CASCADE...

YOU HAVE YOUR EARLIEST MEMORIES AGAIN! AND WE'LL GO THROUGH THOSE ITEMS ONE BY ONE UNTIL YOU HAVE THEM ALL!
BUT YOU WON'T GIVE UP!
WHY, MISS MARTHA JONES...

...I CAN SEE RIGHT UP YOUR NOSTRILS.

RIGHT, THEN. LET'S, HAVE A LOOK AROUND AND SEE IF ANY OF THESE DISPLAY CASES HAVE WEAPONS. SWORDS, GUNS, ELASTIC BANDS, ANYTHING.
JUST REMEMBER NOT TO TOUCH THE FORCE WALLS WITH BARE SKIN—FIND SOMETHING TO BREAK THE FIELD, OR ELSE YOU'LL GET A NASTY SHOCK.

JUST WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH ALL THIS STUFF?
WHAT'S YOUR CONNECTION TO ME?

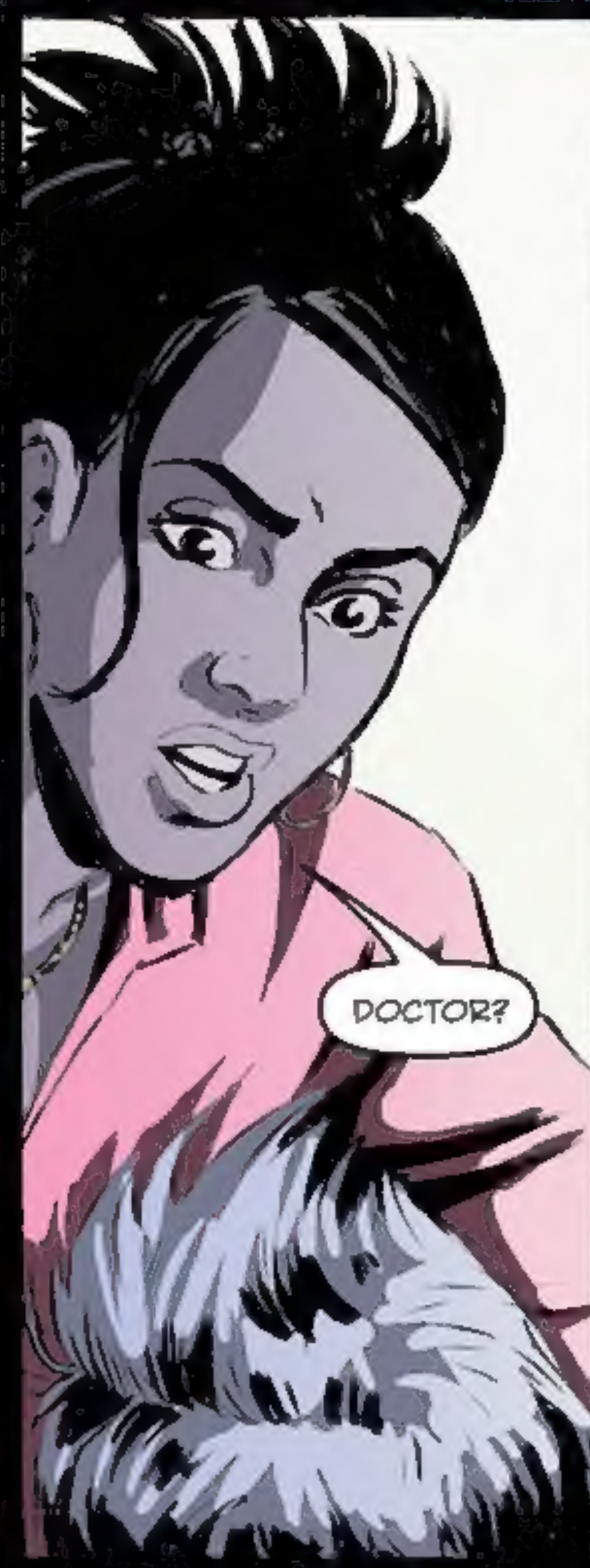
THIS ISN'T GOOD. NOT AT ALL.
WE CAN'T HAVE YOU GETTING *STRONGER* AGAIN, DOCTOR. THAT SPOILS THE WHOLE *POINT* OF THIS.
AND I DO SO *HATE* HAVING MY GAMES SPOILED.
I KNOW YOU SO *WELL*, DOCTOR. YOUR THOUGHTS, YOUR DREAMS—
—I WANT THEM *DESTROYED*. I WANT YOU TO BE SO BROKEN YOU'LL BE FORCED TO *REGENERATE*.
AND THEN, DOCTOR—
"—THEN YOU'LL BE *MINE*."
HNNG
I'VE FOUND A COUPLE OF THINGS THAT *MIGHT* BE WEAPONS—BUT THEN THEY COULD BE ANYTHING, REALLY.
THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT THE VOORD HELMET IS LABELED AGAIN, WHICH MEANS THAT YOUR MEMORIES ARE SECURE—

DOCTOR!
CRASH

NO! YOU GOT YOUR MEMORIES BACK! THEY MADE YOU STRONGER!
SORRY, MARTHA—LOOKS LIKE... IT WAS TEMPORARY.
I DON'T THINK...
—ARGH—
DOCTOR?
ONE OF MY HEARTS—JUST STOPPED.
I'M ONLY RUNNING ON THE ONE NOW...

...WHOEVER IT IS... THEY WANT ME TO...
...I CAN'T LET THEM... DO WHATEVER THEY WANT TO DO. I CAN'T... I WON'T...

...GOODBYE, MARTHA...


DOCTOR?

NEXT: RENEWAL